

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1806.

NO. 916.

## A TALE OF TRUTH.

Man's bias is like his knowledge, but surmised;  
One, ignorance; the other, pain disguis'd.  
Thou wert, had all thy wishes been possess'd,  
Supremely cur'd, by being greatly blest.

Pope.

Louisa, my love, (said Sir William Walpole to his daughter, as they were sitting one morning at breakfast,) you are the only child now left to me out of five; I hope you would not do any thing to make your father wretched. "Do you suspect me capable of it Sir?" asked Louisa, tenderly taking his hand. "I will tell you, my child," replied the old man. "I have heard that Herbert has endeavoured to win your affections, and has not been so unsuccessful as I could have wished." Louisa let fall the hand of her father, and remained silent. "Ah! I see it," (cried he, with rising anger.) Remember, girl, if you give yourself to him, you lose your father's affection for ever." "My dear Sir," (said Louisa, timidly,) how can you think Mr. Herbert so unworthy?" "I do not think him unworthy; but I think him unfit for the daughter of a Baronet. He is but a young merchant; and the next post may confirm his ruin. He is a man of no family; and I have formed the highest expectations for you: your beauty, your accomplishments—" "But, my dear father!"—"Say no more, child; I tell you it shall not be. I have other views for you. Marry that beggarly merchant, and I disinherit you. Mind my words." Sir William left his daughter in tears. Her heart was tenderly attached to Herbert; yet she was gentle and affectionate to her parent. After a thousand struggles, she resolved to sacrifice her love to her duty; and wrote immediately to her dear Herbert, that she must never see him more. But how fragile are the resolutions of eighteen! The following letter too soon made Love triumphant over that slumbering sentinel, Duty.

"Cruel Louisa! can you thus readily devote yourself to misery, by an act of imaginary virtue? Have not you plighted your faith to me; thus making your self mine by every tie of honor and affection? Think not that your father will prove so inflexible as he threatens:—A child so fondly beloved, cannot be cast off at will: he designs but to frighten you into obedience; or, even if he should disinherit you, can you not confide in my affection? Have I ever given you cause to doubt that you would be dear to me under any circumstances? I have sufficient to maintain us genteely, though not in the splendor to which you have been accustomed. Oh, should misfortune overtake us, I could smile in the face of poverty, while blest with my Louisa. There are a thousand resources, which I need not now enumerate, which would effectually secure us from want; and let me not dare to harbor a thought, that Louisa is sordid or ambitious."

Thus, in the common-place rhapsody of a lover Herbert wrote; and, to do him justice, he was sincere in what he advanced. Young, gay, and thoughtless, he was deceived by Louisa's

beauty and brilliant qualifications: he loved her without one mercenary thought; and imagined that no change of situation could effect a change in his sentiments. Louisa readily credited the fond tale, and eloped with him. Contrary to their expectations, Sir William was inexorable; after much entreaty, he sent them his blessing; but would never give them a shilling. The young couple, happy in each other, were satisfied at having succeeded so far. Absorbed in conjugal felicity, Herbert grew negligent of his affairs: every gratification he procured for Louisa, while it proved his regard, diminished his property. Accustomed to affluence and splendor, she thought these indulgences were matters of no moment; till, in an hour of horror, she found her husband was bankrupt! In agony she applied to her father: he refused her the smallest assistance, but on condition that she would leave her husband, and return to his protection. Louisa was indignant at the proposal; and, overwhelmed with sorrow, Herbert surrendered all, and was removed to prison, where Louisa attended him. Pained with care, meanly habited, and shrinking with disgust from the surrounding scenes, her person lost most of its charms; her spirits sunk, her health declined; the sigh of anguish was construed into the murmur of reproach, and the temper of Herbert grew morose; he once hinted, that a man in his situation, should have chosen a wife whose talents were useful rather than ornamental; and the reflection stung Louisa to the soul. Such, thought she, is the ingratitude of man. An act of insolvency at length released Herbert: he took a lodging for his wife, and got a situation in a counting-house. Still the want of domestic economy in his wife embarrassed his finances. His friends were lavish of admiration; and his natural love of gaiety made him invite party after party, to gaze at and praise his beautiful wife. Jealousy soon began to corrode his bosom; he grew peevish and capricious. Louisa brought him no children to endear his home to him; and when once became fearful that her attachment was less ardent; he entertained his friends abroad. Louisa bore the changes of his temper with patience, but not without regret. The malicious insinuations of his friends at length ventured to attack the fame of Louisa; and, in a moment of inebriation, Herbert dared to utter a reproach. Louisa had been sitting up several hours for him: and her temper, ruffled by his situation, was doubly irritated by this unkindness. When he had thrown himself on the bed she sunk into a chair, and gave way to the most gloomy reflections. The loud breathing of Herbert convinced her he was asleep: she took up the candle, and, for a few moments, gazed on his distorted features. "Is this the man (said she mentally) I so fondly loved, for whom I sacrificed rank, fortune, and duty? How changed is his appearance since calamity overtook us! His disposition, too! I am no longer the idol of his affection; he thinks me changed as himself. I am an incurable, degraded, reviled!—Reviled by him!—Oh, heaven, the thought is madness!" These workings of her mind brought on a momentary palsy: she caught up a

long shawl, which was near, and throwing it over her, descended the stairs with eager trepidation, and hurried into the street, heedless of her appearance. She stopped not till she reached Westminster Bridge. The moon shone with melancholy lustre on the water, she gazed wildly around her: a sudden thought filled her distracted brain, and she rushed down the steps, faintly determined to put a period to her wretched existence. The watchman, who had observed a figure in white approaching the bridge-stairs at the unseasonable hour, had the presence of mind to pursue her, and caught her just in time to prevent the dreadful catastrophe. "For the love of God, Mistress, what would you do? (cried the poor man.) Go home good woman." Louisa gave a scream of terror, and sunk lifeless in his arms. Fortunately, the man's wife had a lodging in a court just by: thither he hastened with his inanimate burden. His wife, no well pleased at being disturbed from a comfortable sleep, desired he would "carry his drunken madams to the watch-house." "You are a hard-hearted woman," (said the honest fellow;) but this is no such transparency as you imagine; 'tis a poor lady, whose life I have saved, and I warrant you will be well paid for whatever trouble you may have with her. So, d'ye see, I cannot stop to quarrel now." This pacifying speech, as he expected, entirely changed the tone of his wife: she jumped out of bed, struck a light, and finding Louisa still insensible, laid her between the blankets and used every effort to recover her. In this she was at length successful: but the agitation and anxiety she had endured, together with the extreme cold she had been so long exposed to, threw her into such alarming shivering fits, that the woman was obliged to send immediately for some medical assistance; and, towards morning, the symptoms of a dangerous fever were rapidly augmenting. Louisa, still resolute in her determination of quitting her husband, preserved an obstinate silence respecting her name and situation; but shared the contents of her purse, which did not amount to more than five guineas, between the woman and the physician, who was necessarily called in. In a few days her disorder rose to such a height, that she was quite delirious; and her honest, fearing she would die on her hands, without leaving sufficient to defray the expenses incurred, took an opportunity of searching her pockets; and, to her great surprise and pleasure, found a sealed letter, directed to Sir William Walpole. This she showed to the physician, who fortunately was acquainted with the Baronet, and undertook to wait on him with it. Sir William, who had long since ceased to think about his disobedient daughter, (or, if he did suffer her image to intrude for a moment, chased it from him again with resentment,) was in the utmost astonishment at the communication made by the physician; and condescended to read the letter, which he had once returned unopened. "My poor child! (cried he, bursting into tears,) thou hast suffered for the error of youth, and my arms shall once more embrace thee. Lead me to thy daughter, Sir. Her death will cause mine; for my cruelty has caused her sin and misery."

To be Continued in our next.

## REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF MAGNANIMITY.

In France (under the old system) such was the severity of the laws of honor, (as they are falsely called) that nothing but the death of one of the parties could expiate a blow.

Captain Douglas, a gallant Scotch officer, playing at Trictrac, with a very intimate friend, in a coffee-house in Paris, amidst a circle of French officers, who were looking on, some dispute arose about a cast of the dice. Upon which Captain Douglas said, in a gay thoughtless manner, "Oh! what a story!" There was an instant murmur among the bystanders; and, his antagonist feeling the affront, as if the lie had been given him, in the violence of his passion snatched up the tables, and hit Douglas a violent blow on the head. The moment he had done it, the idea of his imprudence, and its probable consequences to himself and friend, rushed upon his mind: he sat, stupefied with shame and remorse, his eyes riveted to the ground, regardless of what the other's resentment might prompt him to act. Douglas after a short pause, turned round to the spectators: "You think," said he, "that I am now ready to cut the throat of that unfortunate young man; but I know that, at this moment, he feels anguish a thousand times more keen than any my sword could inflict. I will embrace him—thus—and try to reconcile him to himself; but I will cut the throat of that man among you who will dare to breathe a syllable against my honor."—"Bravo! bravo!" cried an old chevalier de St. Louis, who stood immediately behind him. The sentiment of France overcame his habit, and "Bravo! bravo!" echoed from every corner of the room. Every heart felt the magnanimity of Douglas; nor is there a man of principle that reads this anecdote, (for false honor is out of the question) that will not readily allow, that it requires infinitely less courage to fight—than not to fight a duel.

## THE CONSCIENTIOUS ROBBER.

AN EASTERN TALE.

The oriental nations have so sacred a regard to the laws of hospitality, that they seldom injure those with whom they have eaten. *Leits* *Saglar* (which means the *leather merchant*.) when a youth, discovered so strong an attachment to arms, that not being able to obtain any rank in the army, he commenced robber, but had always the moderation to leave somewhat behind him for the use of those he plundered. He one night broke into the treasury of Dirham, governor of Sissan, and in the dark put his hand upon a heap of shining particles, which he thought to be precious stones; and to carry them with convenience, put them in his mouth. He soon found that he had taken salt, and immediately retired, without touching any thing else. The governor finding the next day the treasury had been broken open but nothing stolen, published an edict declaring pardon to the robber, and adding, that if he avowed himself, the governor would serve him. On this declaration, *Leits* discovered himself, and on the governor asking him why he had not taken any thing from the treasury, replied,—"I thought, that when I had tasted your salt, I immediately became your friend, and by the laws of friendship, I was forbidden to touch any thing that belonged to you."

## TO ELIZA.

On her return, after a long absence.

WELCOME to thy husband's breast,  
Dearest earthly treasure come,  
Now my widow's heart's at rest,  
Dear Eliza! welcome home!

Frequent, round the lonely cot,  
Loud has howl'd the winters blast,  
But all the storms are now forgot,  
Eliza comes, and gloom is past.

So oft beneath the drifting snows  
The crocus rears its golden form;  
And like sincere affection, grows  
The richer from the driving storm.

Tender children all have striven  
To soften separation's pain;  
A thousand pleasures they have given;  
Their efforts have not been in vain.

But still my heart a vacuum felt,  
Eliza I could not where see;  
And wheresoe'er my body dwelt,  
My spirit wing'd its way to thee.

Gloomy winter disappearings,  
Rolls its murky clouds away;  
Flowers and suns our valleys cheering,  
Eliza coming, all is gay.

Welcome, dearest woman! home,  
Sweet author of my heart and life,  
To this fond bosom once more come,  
My soul's delight, my lovely wife.

Again, affection's arm shall bear,  
O'erup the hill, or thro' the vale,  
And each from each, delighted, bear,  
Of wedded love, the tender tale.

If Heaven permit, thus, many a day,  
With children at the hearth side,  
Along the green and flowery way  
Edmund will lead his happy bride.

Now, dear Eliza! let us kneel,  
Preserving mercy here above,  
And never, never may we feel,  
So long a separation more!

BY W. MOORE, ESQ.

Oh! woman, if by simple wile  
Thy soul has stray'd from honor's track,  
Thy mercy only can beguile,  
By gentle ways, the wanderer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,  
Wash'd by thy tears, may yet decay,  
As clouds that sullied morning skies  
May all be swept in showers away.

Go, go—he innocent, and live—  
The tongues of men may wound thee sore;  
But heaven's pity can forgive,  
And bid thee "go, and sin no more."

## ELLEN OF THE VALE.

NEAR yonder grove, the seat of love,  
Where dwells the nightingale,  
In cottage neat, a cool retreat,  
Lives Ellen of the vale.

The weary retire his heart's desire  
Pursues o'er hill and dale;  
With eager love in hopes to move  
Sweet Ellen of the vale.

But still the maid, to all that's said,  
Even love's most flattering tale,  
Will not give ear; for Colin Clare  
Loves Ellen of the vale.

From the Port Folio.

Dr. Timothy Dodd, an eminent Physician, of Rutland, in Vermont, riding at full speed to visit a patient dangerously sick, was thrown from his horse, broke his leg, and wrenched the hip so as to dislocate it at the ankle. In this deplorable situation, the doctor remained nearly two hours, before any assistance came. In the mean time he crawled to a rock by the side of a run of water, in which he lav'd the wounds, and cleansed them from clotted blood, and the fragments of his stockings which had been impelled into them; and, taking his instruments from his pocket, with astonishing fortitude proceeded to take up a principal blood vessel—and when found by his friends, was discovered with a pencil in his hand, with which he had just concluded writing the following lines. Much has been vaunted of the ancient stoics, but he who can enter into the dreadful agonies of the doctor's distress, must confess, that the serene fortitude and the true magnanimity of the christian, by far excel the boasted insensibility of the stoic.

## EJACULATORY SONNET.

Two judgments, God, are holy right and just.  
Thou' evils press, and tho' we sink to dust;  
Thou' darkness shrouds thy throne, and clouds thy face,  
I cleave to thee, and hope thy pardoning grace.  
Firm is thy truth, thy promise ever sure,  
And Jesus' blood my safety will procure;  
Thy mercy beams with full resplendent ray,  
And opens the portals of eternal day.  
Before thy throne I bow beneath thy rod,  
And own the arm and angry frown of God;  
Thy hand I feel, we dare thy dreadful power,  
Support me, God, in this tremendous hour!  
Whither my doom, whatever my state shall be,  
O! grant me still to put my trust in thee.

"Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro?"

This touching question of Job came with all its force into my mind, as I was sauntering through the Mall; and what can be more pathetic! A very old man was leaning upon his staff, as if weary. I asked him why, instead of standing in the sun, he did not sit beneath one of the elms. He raised his countenance to answer me: it was pensive, but not gloomy; a faint, melancholy smile gleamed from his eye and gave his features the expression of tranquil resignation. He told me that the shade recalled his sorrows; I am, said he, alone—But why do I complain? I deserved nothing—I have lost all. Feeling an interest in this man, I asked him what calamities had stripped him to poverty.—He began to collect his thoughts, and, without a single word of complaint, related the events of his life. He had lived seventy years, and not a day ever passed without bringing some new misfortune. His voice, while he was speaking, was, for the most part, calm and even; but when he told me of the death of his wife and only daughter, his utterance was choked. His limbs are now palsied, his eyes are dim, his ears are thick. But though his senses are leaving him, he is not querulous; his God he knows is love. Surely there is another state. Who does not acknowledge, that unrepining patience deserves a reward, higher than earth can give? There is, indeed, a world where sorrow and sighing shall flee away; where tears shall be turned into joy.

REMARK.—Omit no opportunity of doing good, and you will find no opportunity for doing ill.

## TO NANCY — IRELAND.

That on the green bosom'd Ocean now parts us for ever,  
And we cannot meet more by fates dreadful decree;  
Yet tho' fate or tho' ocean may part us, no never,  
Shall my heart, my love, NANCY, cease throbbing for thee.

Tho' banish'd by presence, tho' scorn'd and neglected,  
In vain my proud heart would attempt to break free,  
Tho' with coldness so chilling my love you reject,  
Still, NANCY, that heart shall thro' only for thee.

Other beauties with riches or rank should they tempt me,  
Their fancied allurements with scorn I would flee;  
For could they from wretchedness ever exempt me,  
When my heart, oh my NANCY, throbb'd only for thee?

When at length in the cold arms of death I am lying,  
And don't meet again my sweet NANCY to see,  
Will breathe out thy soul your dear name faintly sighing,  
And the last thro' my NANCY, shall still be for thee.

## CHARITY.

What, cry'd Charity, 'can afford such pleasure,  
As to relieve the sorrows of the poor?  
Oh, that I ever might possess a treasure!  
'None should unsatisfy'd forsake my door.'

Some fortune heard her as she turn'd the wheel,  
No—heav'n itself, while listening to the prayer,  
Rejoiced that she the sweet delights should feel,  
To soften poverty and banish care.

You heav'n decreed an uncle should depart,  
Why left Bianca all his wealthily hoard?  
'Now,' cry'd she, 'I can gratify my heart,  
'By using well what's given me by the lord.'

And see, to prove her heart, with languid pace  
Advanced a poor old man, with tott'ring head;  
Bianca felt his miserable case,  
And gave the wretch—a crust of mouldy bread.

## The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 6, 1806.

The city inspector reports the death of 10 men, 16 women, 28 boys, and 14 girls, during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. of consumption 3, convulsions 8, decay 3, dropsy 4, dysentery 4, bilious fever 1, remittent fever 1, typhus fever 2, infantile flux 23, inflammation of the brain 2, pleurisy 1, scurvy 1, sprue 1, stillborn 1, sudden death 1, suicide by cutting his throat 1, teething 2, whooping cough 3, and 1 of worms—Total 63.

The distressing circumstance which occurred on Monday morning in the office of the New-York Gazette, by which the printing materials, &c. were consumed, has prevented the publication of that paper for a few days.

Neither the cause of the accident, nor the extent of the injury, has yet been ascertained. The building (which was the property of Mr. Lang) we understand was insured.

The inconvenience to our industrious friends LAM & TRUMAN, we feel confident, will be only temporary; and that, when their paper shall again make its appearance, they will find the public patronage rather increased than diminished.

Mrs. A.

Letters from Halifax, received from very respectable gentlemen, state, that Capt. Whitty was put under arrest, and sent home as passenger, in the ship *Leander*, of which he (Capt. W.) formerly had the command. Capt. Whitty, we understand, is sent to England, to account to the British Government for his conduct on the American station, and the depredations he committed off Sandy Hook.

Mr. Howard, pilot, arrived at Philadelphia on Sunday, informs that he fell in with the wreck of the *Rose-in-Bloom*, about 30 leagues S. E. of Cape Henlopen, and left her on Thursday morning, about 2 o'clock, driving to the southward, in tow of two pilot boats.

*Hudson, August 25.*—A melancholy accident happened in the river opposite this city on Tuesday last.—In preparing to set two gentlemen ashore from the Packet *Amanda*, captain Keeler, of Albany, Capt. Isaac Ferris, of New-York, jumped over the stern into the boat, when but one of the tackles by which it was suspended was cast off, and let but one end of the boat into the water, and threw Mr. Ferris into the river. The people on board instantly set the boat a-drift, and threw over a hen coop and other things for his assistance; but the wind and tide drifted them from him, and he perished—in the presence of his wife and two children, who were passengers on board.

The celebrated RICHARDSON relates the following Anecdote of his "boyish days," while he was a mere country lad, and before he became an apprentice to a Printer;

"As a bashful and not a forward boy, I was an early favorite with all the young women of taste and reading in the neighborhood. Half a dozen of them, when met to work with their needles, used, when they got a book they liked, and tho't I should, to borrow me to read to them; and both mothers and daughters used to be pleased with the observations they put me upon making.

"I was not more than 12, when three of these young women, unknown to each other, having an high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love secrets, in order to induce me to give them copies to write after, or correct, for answers to their lover's letters; nor did any of them ever know that I was the secretary of the others. I have been desired to chide, and even repulse, when an offence was either taken or given, at the very time that the heart of the child or repulsor was open before me, overflowing with esteem and affection; and the fair repulsor, dreading to be taken at her word, directing this word, or that expression, to be softened or changed. One, highly gratified with her lover's fervor and vows of everlasting love, has said, when I have asked her direction—I cannot tell you what to write; but (her heart on her lips) you cannot write too kindly! All her fear was only that she should incur flight for her kindness."

## DEATH PREFERRED AT AN INN.

Were I in a condition to stipulate with death, as I am at this moment with my apothecary, I should certainly declare against submitting to it before my friends; and, therefore, I never seriously think of the mole and manner of this great catastrophe, which generally takes up and torments my thoughts as much as the catastrophe itself, but I constantly draw the curtain across it with this wish—that the Disposer of all things may so order it, that it happen not to me in my own house, but rather in some decent inn, at home.

I know it—the concern of my friends, and the last services of wiping my brows and smoothing my pillow, which the quivering hand of pale affection shall pay me, will so crucify my soul, that I shall die of a dysentery which my physician is not aware of; but in an inn, the few cold dillies I wanted would be purchased with a few guineas, and paid me with an undisturbed, but punctual attention.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
Whate'er stirs this mortal frame,  
All are but ministers of Love,  
And feed his sacred flame.

## MARRIED.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. Robert Rhodes, of England, to Miss Maria Buchanan.

On Wednesday last, at Catskill, by the Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. Isaac Dubois, to Miss Catharine Van Voorhis.

At Baltimore, William Warren, Esq. to Mrs. Ann Wiggett, both of the Baltimore and Philadelphia theatres.

## MORTALITY.

How populous, how vital, is the grave!  
This is creation's melancholy vault,  
The vale of funeral, the sad cypress shades!  
The land of apparitions, empty glades!

## DIED.

On Tuesday morning, after a long and severe illness, Mr. William Reed, who for many years was an active and useful member of society.

On Thursday, after a severe illness of ten days, Miss Alethia C. Leonard, daughter of Robert Leonard, Esq.

## LIKENESS

TAKEN BY THE REFLECTING MIRROR,

AND PAINTED FINELY IN MINIATURE.

MR. PARSON, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen that he has returned to this city, and resides at No. 36, *Charlam-Street*, where he will continue for some time to take Likenesses by the Reflecting Mirror, lately received from London, which only requires a few minutes sitting to take the most correct Likeness in any position, and reduced to any size in Miniature. Price of each picture, which depends on the size, and finely painted, is from 3 to 20 dollars each—the Likeness is warranted to please.

Likewise, historical and fancy pieces painted on silk for Ladies' needle-work, and all kinds of hair devices neatly executed.

N. B. A few Ladies and Gentlemen may be instructed in the art of drawing and painting in water colours, on moderate terms.

Sept. 6.

916—4f.

## STOLLENWERCK & BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

JEWELLERS & WATCH MAKERS,

NO. 137, WILLIAM-STREET.

Impressed with a due sense of the many favors conferred on them, beg to return their sincere thanks to a generous public, and to inform them they have opened a Store No. 441, *Pearl-Street*, where they intend keeping a general assortment of the most fashionable articles in their line. In addition to their former Stock they have just received an elegant assortment of Ladies' ornamented dress Combs of the latest Parisian fashions, (they invite the ladies to be early in their applications) as also a fresh supply of the highly approved Venus Tooth-Powder, which is now selling with such rapidity by them, the sole vendors in New-York. They have on hand a large assortment of fashionable gold and silver Watches, which they are determined to dispose of, wholesale or retail on very liberal terms.

N. B. Spanish Segars of the very best quality in boxes, from 250 to 1000.

Orders from the country punctually attended to.

A few proof impressions of John Sullivan's map of the U. S. States, including Louisiana, five feet square, taken from actual survey, and superior in point of correctness to any now in use.

Sept. 6.

916—4f.

## FASHIONABLE COMBS.

An elegant assortment of Tortoise and mock Tortoise Combs, for sale at John Barnard's Hardware Store, No. 103, Maiden-lane.

Sept. 6.

916—3m.

## NOTICE.

The Vacation in E. Elv's Literary Academy, No. 40 Partition-Street, will close, and the exercises of the School begin on Monday morning, 8th inst.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

There is a vein of genuine humor in the following little tale, that cannot fail to be gratifying to the American reader.

Some bucks in London on a certain time,  
Wishing to have a little merriment,  
With one just landed from Columbus's clime,  
One evening with him to a tavern went:

And there most sumptuously they did regale  
Their busy mouths; and much they did destroy  
Of beef, bread, mutton, cyder, wine and ale;  
For manfully they did themselves employ.

And all attentive to the stranger guest,  
Off they did fill his glass and oft his plate;  
While witless he with pride and joy elate,  
Thought never man such courteous friends possess'd.

At length the feat of eating ended,  
One of the company arose,  
And pray'd the rest his absence to excuse,  
" Mine uncle dear (quoth he) is very ill,  
And he this night, tho' sore against my will,  
By me entrusts to be attended."  
All for his quick depart gave full consent  
He made a civil bow and off he went.

Immediately, two gentles were  
Remembered they some business had to do,  
But kindly berr'd th' American not to go  
"Till they returned—which would be in an hour.

Two more the waiter call'd away;  
So in the supper room did stay,  
Of Bratons only one;  
And while the Yankee look'd about,  
He likewise unperceived slept out,  
And left the wight alone.

Then did he see upon the still  
The grinning landlord with his yard-long bill,  
Who very civilly demanded pay,  
" Oh sir, (the gentle youth surpris'd did say)  
Where are the other guests?"

" They (quoth the landlord sniggering) all are gone,  
And since you chose to stay behind alone,  
You pay for all the rest,  
Ha! ha! I see you don't know Lunnon yet;  
Our British blades are monstrous fond of wit;  
Yes, yes, that fellow's skull must be well made,  
Who would in wit out-do a British blade."

Yec'd to the heart, the stranger mur'd a while,  
Then turning round, most sweetly he did smile.  
And say:

" Well landlord, since this plagu'y trick is so  
I think, to smooth my temper ere I go,  
That you and I will take a glass together,  
For la! I value not my coat a feather;  
So bring a bottle of your best I pray;  
But whisk'd the landlord in a trice,  
To fetch his old Champagne so soft and nice;  
But when he with the bottle in did walk,  
With sad surprise he started,  
And a most rueful exclamation made,  
For lo! the young American had departed!  
And sought had left to pay for the good wine,  
Save this short line,  
Wrote on the table with a piece of chalk;  
" A Taster Handle for a British Blade."

## HIBERNIAN CONSOLATION.

A Irishman purchased the eight of a lottery ticket, for which, as they were very high, he paid forty-two shillings. In a few days it came up a twenty dollar prize, and on application at the Lottery office, he received seventeen shillings for his part. " Well," (says Pat) " I'm glad it's no worse, as it was but a twenty dollar. I have only lost twenty-five shillings, but if I had been a twenty thousand, it should have been raised."

## DURABLE INK,

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,  
Which nothing will Discharge without destroying the Linen.

The Utility of this Preparation, whenever such an Article is wanting, need not be pointed out—Initials, Names, Cyphers, Crests, &c. may be formed with the utmost expedition, and without the inconvenience or expense of any Implements; and will be found to stand every Test of Washings, Buckings, Acids, Alkalies, &c. which only and other Compositions will not. If wrote on Linen as it comes from the loom, it firmly stands the Bleaching. It is also a much better, as well as indeleble Criterion of a Person's Property, than Initials made with Thread, Silk, or Instruments, frequently used for this purpose.

A fresh supply of the above, just received by Robert Bach, & Co. Druggists, No. 128 Pearl-Street, for sale, wholesale and retail; where also may be had Drugs and Medicines, Patent Medicines, Perfumery of the best kinds, Tooth Brushes, Reeves' drawing colours, &c. &c.

July 19.

909—tf.

## MARTIN RABBESON,

At his wholesale UMBRELLA MANUFACTORY, No. 34, Maiden-Lane, corner of Nassau-Street, begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he carries on the above manufactory extensively, and sells Umbrellas and Parasols, in the greatest variety, wholesale and retail. Ladies wishing to purchase handsome Parasols, may always have the choice out of one hundred doz.

N. B. A number of Girls wanted to sew umbrellas, or to nett fringes

June 14

504—3m.

## RICHARD MULHERAN,

Has for sale at his store, No. 12 Peck-Slip, a new assortment of dry goods, consisting of superfine Cloth second do. pattern and common Casimires, Pattern Cord, Flannels, Dimities, Linens, Brown Hollands, Nankeens, Handkerchiefs, Mamoodies, Mow Samas, Gurreins, white and black thread Laces, Calicoes, checked Leno, Leno Veils, white and coloured Cambric Muslins, India Mulmul Muslins, Silk Shawls, and a variety of other goods, which he will sell on reasonable terms for Cash.

May 3,

598—tf.

## BOOK STORE—NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

Just received, in addition to our usual assortment, a variety of new publications; among which are, the Power of Religion on the Mind, in Retirement, Affliction, and at the approach of Death—A short system of Public Learning, being an Epitome on the Arts and Sciences—MARRIOTT'S POEMS—Original Poems—Also, Carr's Northern Summer, with a variety of Children's Books too tedious to enumerate.

## PLAYS,

### FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Mountaineers, West Indian, False Shame, Folle as it Flies, Edwin & Angeline, Way to get Married Count of Burgundy, Signs of the Daughter, Love's Fractions, Deser'd Daughter, Stranger, Self Immolation, Widow of Malabar, Jew or Benevolent Hebrew, Rural Felicity, Tell Truth & Shame the Devil, Preservation or the Hovel on the Rock, Father, or American Slandryism. &c. &c. &c.

Just Published, and For Sale at this Office,

A Geographical CHART of the U. STATES; or, a comprehensive view of the most interesting particulars, relative to the Geograph of North America.

MRS. TODD'S,

TRA-STORE—No. 68, JOHN-STREET,

Where may be had a general assortment of the best Tea, Sugar, Coffee, Spices, &c. &c.

## TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER

FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE.

NO. 114, BROADWAY.



**SHELL COMBS**

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 5s. each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of freckles, clears and prevents the skin from chapping. 4s. per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses as well known for clearing the skin from acuri, pimples, redness or sunburn; and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 5 & 6s. bottle, or 3 dols. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 5s. per pot.

Smith's tooth Paste warranted.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.

Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 5s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Fruit Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cream 1s. 6d. Almost Powder for the skin, 2s. per lb.

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, plating and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomades, 1s. per pot or roll. Baled do. 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving, 4s. & 5s. 6d. per box.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 2s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Salt of Lemons, for taking out iron mold.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

"The best warranted Concave Razors, Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs

Superfine white starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

January 5, 1805. 853. 1p.

## SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No. 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leighorn Hats & Bonnets,  
Soft straw do.  
Paper do.  
Wire assorted sizes,  
Artificial and straw Flowers,  
do. do. Wreaths,  
Leighorn flats by the box or dozen,  
Pastic boards,  
Black, blue, and cloth sewing Silks,  
Sarnets, white and pink,  
Open work, straw training & Tassels.  
With every article in the Millinery line by Wholesale only.

August 30,

915—tf.

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISON,  
No. 3 PECK-SLIP.